

# Beautiful Dolls FREE.



Five beautiful dolls, lithographed on cardboard, eight inches high. Can be cut out and put together by the children—no pasting. Each doll has two complete suits. American, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, German, Swiss, Turkish and Indian costumes. All parts being interchangeable, many combinations can be made, affording endless amusement and instruction. A high-class series of dolls, patented and manufactured for us exclusively and not to be compared with the numerous cheap paper dolls on the market.

## How To Get Them.

Cut from five outside wrappers of **None Such Mince Meat** the head of the girl holding pie. Send these with ten cents in silver—wrapped in paper—and your full name and address, and we will send the dolls postpaid. Or we will send them free for twenty heads of the girl. Send only the heads to avoid extra postage.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## An Old Problem.

One of the problems that is as old as the science of mathematics is that of "squaring the circle." By squaring the circle is meant the problem of finding the sides of a square exactly equal in area to a circle of given diameter. To do this, either by elementary geometry or by expressing it arithmetically in commensurable numbers, has been found to be an impossibility. In other words, the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle cannot be exactly found, even though in the division, the decimal be carried to 10,000 figures. The above being the exact facts in the case, we will say that the problem of "squaring the circle" is one that has long been given up by the mathematicians as insoluble.

Tetter, eczema and all similar skin troubles are cured by the use of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It soothes at once, and restores the tissues to their natural condition, and never fails to cure eczema. W. H. Bennett, St. Louis; B. S. Webb, Alma.

It is not the demonization of silver that has hurt the farmer, but the demonization of his markets. The repeal of the McKinley law carried with it the repeal of the reciprocity treaties. In consequence the export of our agricultural products fell off for the year 1895, as compared with the year 1894, to the amount of more than \$25,000,000.—Ex-Gov. Foraker, of Ohio.

Many political speakers, clergymen, singers and others who use the voice excessively, rely upon One Minute Cough Cure to prevent huskiness and laryngitis. Its value as a preventive is only equaled by its power to afford instantaneous relief. W. H. Bennett, St. Louis; B. S. Webb, Alma.

## Discerning.

"Dearest girl of all," was the way the letter began. Right there, so to speak, he quivered himself. "Of all," she said softly to herself. "Then there are others."—Indianapolis Journal.

Chronic constipation is a painful, disagreeable and life-shortening difficulty. It deranges the system, causes sick headache, bad breath and poisons the blood. It can be readily overcome by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These little pills are great regulators. W. H. Bennett, St. Louis; B. S. Webb, Alma.

## Musical Women of Japan.

The chief exponents of music in Japan are women. Most men would consider that they were making themselves ridiculous by singing or playing in society.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stopping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know This Means the Kidneys are Affected?

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell them that the kidneys are not working properly. You have a severe fall, you strain yourself, sitting or perhaps you are compelled to remain sitting or standing for long intervals at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause? We think not, else you would not use plasters and liniment on the back, which only relieve but do not reach the cause. If you would rid yourself of the pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, you will take a kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. John Robinson of 601 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine denoted kidney disorder. The pain in my back was often so bad I had to give up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many liniments and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they have worked a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills." Mr. Robinson was a member of the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

A cough is a fastidious of work-trouble to come. Cure the cough and prevent its results by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

## PROMPT PUNISHMENT.

A Bay City Girl Wreaks Vengeance on Her Betrayer.

Tuesday Tenie Foucault, who it is alleged was betrayed by Adior La Rose, wreaked vengeance on her faithless lover by throwing a pail of concentrated lye squarely into his face, after which she beat a hasty retreat to her home. La Rose suffered intense agony and was carried to the home of his uncle, where his face was washed in milk and cream. He was then taken to a physician, who pronounced the sight of his left eye was not so badly injured, although it is impossible to determine how serious his injuries may prove, owing to the nature of the drug used. The young woman admitted her guilt, and said that she was not sorry for what she had done. She gave as the reason for her rashness that La Rose had seduced her, and after having repeatedly promised to marry her, had wedded Agnes Groulx on Aug. 25. Chief Murphy heard her story, and declined to arrest her without a warrant was issued.

Pure blood and good digestion are an insurance against disease and suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters keeps the blood pure, the digestion perfect.

## IN A BALLOON.

The Sensations That Are Experienced by Its Rising and Falling.

A dim sunlight strikes us in the balloon. Suddenly we realize we are in bright sunshine again, with deep blue clouds below us and a deep blue sky above. Look at the shadow of the balloon on the clouds! See the light prismatic colors like a halo around the shadow of the car. Here we are all alone, in perfect silence, in the depths of a great abyss—massive clouds towering up on all sides, a snowy white mass below. But no sign of earth—no sign of anything human. Not a sound, not a sign of life! What peace! What bliss! Horrors! What's that report? The balloon must have burst. Oh, nonsense! Keep still! It's only a fold of the stuff kept by the netting being suddenly released; that's all.

Well, we are falling, for see the bits of paper apparently ascending. And we must take care, for the coldness and dampness of this cloud will cause the gas to contract, and we shall fall rapidly. So get a bag of ballast ready, for we are already in the darkness of the cloud. Now the gas bag shrinks and writhes, and the loose folds rustle together, and it gets darker. You can feel the breeze blowing upward against your face or hand held over the edge of the car. Well, that's not to be wondered at, for remember we are falling, say 1,000 feet a minute, which is the same thing as if we were going along ten miles an hour sitting in a dogcart. Not quite the same, you say—you'd sooner be in the cart? Well, perhaps if the horse were going straight at a wall, without the possibility of being able to stop him, you would think otherwise. But look! There is the earth again; so out with your ballast. Go out! Pour out plenty; there's no good economizing.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## ROYALTY'S INTENDED REFUGE.

A House in Maine Where Marie Antoinette's Wardrobe Was Taken.

On the upper or northern end of the island of Westport, anciently called Squam, and situated on the Sheepscot bay on the Maine coast, stood a large, square, old-fashioned house, built of heavy timbers, having one massive brick chimney in the center. It was owned and inhabited by a seafaring man by the name of Clough, who sailed on foreign voyages. It was in the time of the French revolution, when this captain was on a voyage to France, that he was engaged by the agents of the king and Marie Antoinette to bring them secretly to America. Their wardrobe and some of their furniture was already placed on the ship, and the king and queen were driven quietly down to the quay where the ship's small boat was in waiting to take them off to the vessel. At the same moment secret agents of the revolution arrived just in time to arrest their king and queen just as they had alighted from their carriage. Their majesties were then removed to prison. There they were soon after guillotined.

As soon as he found what had happened Captain Clough put to sea with all haste, having the wardrobe and the furniture of the king and queen on board his ship. After a long voyage he arrived at Westport, Me., safely, and stored the queen's wardrobe and furniture in his own house on Squam island. Tradition says that visitors to the house used sometimes to see these things, and pieces of the queen's dresses were still kept by the Clough descendants, who live in Edgemoor, just opposite Westport.

On account of what I have narrated above the house came to be called the Marie Antoinette House. Quite a long while after the events I have mentioned the old house was ferried across on scows to the opposite shore of Edgemoor, and placed high on the bank back from the river's brink, where it now stands, and is still inhabited. Many photographs have been taken of it by summer tourists, and many have written its history. But what I have written was told me by the "oldest inhabitants," who received it as I tell it from their fathers and mothers.

After the house was moved to the Edgemoor shore it was inhabited by a man named Gardiner Gore, who kept a large store and was quite wealthy. One night an old lady of the same town, called Old Aunt Hood, who was given to dreaming dreams, dreamed that the bungs had all been pulled out of his molasses hogheads and that she saw the molasses run out all over the floor, and thereupon she told her dream and declared that Gard would soon be poor, and, in fact, he died soon after a poor man.—Lewiston Journal.

## SOME CHAT.

Lillian Whiting, visiting the "Latin quarter" of Boston, tells of asking a daintily gowned young woman sitting in a club parlor if she believed in thought transference. "Oh, I am far beyond that," she replied airily. "I am in the sphere of intense vibrations." Every boy who has stolen the pie and has afterward served as buffer for the maternal slipper will appreciate the meaning of the sphere of intense vibrations.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Keeping Bears Out of Cornfields.

In the district of Rachinsk, in the Transcaucasus, bears are regarded as the worst enemies of the maizefields, and when the season for the maize crops to ripen comes round the population take all possible steps to protect the fruits of their toil. In the evening the peasant, armed with a gun, a kintjal, a stout oaken cudgel or whatever other weapon he can secure, takes all the dogs he possesses with him and goes off to the field, where he sleeplessly guards his maize during the whole night, sometimes at the risk of his life. He passes the night in firing off his gun and continual shouting while during the day he is forced to work to the utmost of his powers, seeing that it is just at this period—i. e., when the maize is ripening—that he has to thrash his wheat, gather in his crop of beans, repair his winnower and make ready the places for storing his maize. If a bear gets into a maizefield in which he does not expect to be disturbed during the whole night, he first sets to work and gorges himself; then, feeling heavy, he begins to roll and sprawl on his back. Having sprawled about a bit, the bear begins to feel playful, and it is then that the maize stalks suffer most severely. Tucking his legs under him, he rolls head over heels from one end of the field to the other, and in his course he naturally breaks and rolls down everything in his way, rendering the whole crop useless.—London Times.

## Man Under Thirty-five.

Mrs. Lillian Bell, the authoress, asserts that conversation with a man under 35 is impossible, because the man under 35 never converses; he only talks. And your chief accomplishment of being a good listener is entirely thrown away on him, because he does not in the least care whether you listen or not. Neither is it of any use for you to show that he has surprised or shocked you. He cares not for your approval or disapproval. He is utterly indifferent to you, not because you do not please him, but because he has not seen you at all. He knows you are there in that chair, so bows to you in the street—oh, yes, he knows your name and where you live. But you are only an entity to him, not an individual. He cares not for your likes and dislikes, your cares or hopes or fears. He only wants you to be pretty and well dressed. Have a mind if you will. He will not know it. Have a heart and a soul. They do not concern him. He wants you to be tailor made. You are a girl to him. That's all.

## To Make a Good Cup of Tea.

A young man who was being joked about the appearance of the young lady he was going to marry said in an apologetic way, "Well, she can make a good cup of tea anyhow." This is a qualification that not many girls possess. Very few know how to make a good cup of tea. Here are some pointers: Tea should never touch metal. It should be kept in paper, wood, glass or porcelain. To make it, put a small quantity in a porcelain cup, fill the latter with boiling water, cover it with a porcelain saucer and let it stand three minutes. Then, if you desire to be an epicure, drink only the upper layer of the golden liquid, throw the rest away, rinse the cup and begin again. Never use sugar. Do not use milk. It ruins the flavor of the tea, and the combination injures the stomach, so the Chinese say, and they ought to know their own beverage. Above all things, do not boil the tea.

## Pope Leo's Boyhood.

He spent his childhood in the simple surroundings of Carpineto, than which none could be simpler, as every one knows who has ever visited an Italian country gentleman in his home. Early hours, constant exercise, plain food and farm interests made a strong man of him, with plenty of simple common sense. As a boy he was a great walker and climber, and it is said that he was excessively fond of birding, the only form of sport afforded by that part of Italy, and practiced there in those times, as it is now, not only with guns, but by means of nets. It has often been said that poets and lovers of freedom come more frequently from the mountains and the seashore than from a flat inland region.—Marion Crawford in Century.

## Not Learned in Chinook.

One of Calgary's recent contingent to the coast evidently knew but little about the Chinook, judging by the story that is being told on him. Wishing to get some claims to take back with him, he asked an old squaw, who had coverts in her eyes and a basket on her head, what she wanted for a basketful, and the blushing brunette replied, "Sit-um dollar, byas kiosk." To this the gay Calgaryite said: "Yumping yimminy! Six dollars and all my clothes? No, by ginger snap! I'll give you \$2.50, my watch and overcoat." It is unnecessary to state that the offer was accepted, as the old dusky matron asked for the claims was four bits.—Vancouver World.

## A Remarkable Wound.

An extraordinary tale is told by Major Pryse Gordon of a wound received in the Waterloo campaign by one Donald of the Ninety-second regiment. He had been shot in the thigh by a musket ball. The ball was extracted, but still the wound did not heal. A large abscess formed. Pontics were applied, and on an incision being made, lo and behold! a 5 franc piece and a 1 franc piece were extracted, together with a bit of cloth, the larger coin having been hit nearly in the center and forced into the shape of a cup.—Notes and Queries.

## Thoughts.

It is almost impossible for any one who reads much and reflects a good deal to be able on every occasion to determine whether a thought is another's or his own. I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings in aid of my own arguments, in conversation, thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.—Sterne

## MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

The Terrible Tortures That Were Inflicted in the Eighteenth Century.

The military punishments in 1745 were terrible. The Duke of Cumberland's general orders contain on three consecutive days sentences of 800, 500 and 800 lashes for "insolent expressions" and "insolent behavior." Three days afterward a sentence of "1,000 lashes" is recorded. It is fair to say the man deserved to die, but death would have been a merciful punishment. A martinet of that day might be and was a terrible tyrant to his men. Strange out of the way punishments were inflicted for trifling offenses without adding one iota to the efficiency of the army. The soldier might either be "picketed" or made to ride the "wooden horse." In "picketing" the culprit, naked, stood on a sharpened stake driven into the ground, his right wrist and right leg being drawn up as high as they could be to a hook fixed in an adjoining post. The whole weight of the body rested on the sharpened stake, which, though it did not break the skin, inflicted exquisite torture. The only means of alleviation was to rest the weight on the wrist, the pain of which soon became unendurable. Soldiers were frequently sentenced to stand on the "picket" for a quarter of an hour, and in the cavalry it was often inflicted by order of the colonel without authority of court martial.

The back of the "horse" was formed of planks so arranged as to form a sharp ridge 5 or 6 feet long. The legs 6 or 7 feet in length, rested on a stand moving upon wheels. To complete the resemblance a rough wooden head and tail were added. The offender was placed on the back with his hands tied behind him, and to increase the punishment a heavy musket was not infrequently tied to his legs. This punishment might be inflicted by sentence of court martial or by order of the colonel of a regiment, wrought so much injury to those subjected to its discipline that it had to be discontinued. Francis Grose tells us that so late as 1790 the remains of a wooden horse were standing on the parade at Portsmouth.—Chambers Journal.

## His First Wife Was Petified.

A late copy of the Madras (India) Star, an Indian paper published in the English language, contains the following:

At Kung in the Punjab a native who had recently married for a second time was importuned by his new wife to have the remains of wife No. 1 removed from their resting place near a mineral spring and deposited in the village cemetery.

Preparations were made to that effect, laborers gathering the grave in the usual manner. When the widow was asked to be weighed, and efforts made to raise it, the weight of the receptacle and its contents was found to be too heavy for the four men engaged in the work and the appliance failed. When the basket coffin was finally hoisted to the surface one of the laborers removed the lid to ascertain the cause of the unusual weight. To the surprise of all it was found the coffin contained a solid stone figure, the corpse having become perfectly petrified. The husband, hearing the news, rushed to his home, where they now are, and it is said that thousands are daily viewing the wonder.—St. Louis Republic.

## Chivalry's Slow Death.

It has been often remarked that the days of chivalry have passed, and judging from what I witnessed in a street car the other day I am constrained to believe that there is more truth in the saying than jest.

The scene was laid in a Back Bay, one where one would least suppose a transaction of the kind would be likely to take place, and put to blush a half dozen well dressed men who were parties to the affair.

When the car reached the corner of Newbury and Dartmouth streets, it stopped to let an old lady get aboard. Every seat was occupied. The moment her form appeared in the doorway the male passengers who had not already digested the morning's news became deeply absorbed in their papers. The others immediately became interested in the painted advertisements opposite. All the well dressed men held their seats as if glued to them.

Just as the old lady reached for a strap with which to steady herself, a sweet faced middle aged woman quickly arose and tendered her seat to the white haired newcomer.

Then a look of shame passed over every bearded face. Selfishness had won, but it was at a price.

Had an affair of this kind taken place on any other line, many would say that it was hardly worth recording, but as it occurred in a section where good manners and refinement are thought to have reached their highest standard it is fitting to refer to it publicly, so that the illusion may be dispelled.—Boston Herald.

## Worse.

"Gessie, why did you refuse Smith-ett? Did he show the cloven foot?" "No, but he showed the cloven breath!"—Dorset Free Press.

# Nourish Him.

That's the whole secret in a word. We can cure no disease unless we can keep up the patient's strength. And there's only one way to do that—feed him. But if the system refuses food? Then use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It goes STRAIGHT TO THE BLOOD, stops the wasting, rekindles the vital fire, makes new flesh and so renders a hopeful fight possible against ANY disease. Especially is this so in bronchial and lung troubles, in the relief and cure of which Scott's Emulsion has won its reputation. Book about it free.

Scott's Emulsion is no mysterious mixture. It is palatable, non-nauseating and infinitely preferable to the plain oil. The genuine has our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper. Get the genuine.

For sale at 50 cts. and \$1.00 by all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

## CANCER CURED

—AND A—

## LIFE SAVED

By the Persistent Use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"I was troubled for years with a sore on my knee, which several physicians, who treated me, called a cancer, assuring me that nothing could be done to save my life. As a last resort, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking a number of bottles, the sore



began to disappear and my general health improved. I persisted in this treatment, until the sore was entirely healed. Since then, I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla occasionally as a tonic and blood-purifier, and, indeed, it seems as though I could not keep house without it."—Mrs. S. A. Fields, Bloomfield, Ia.

# AYER'S

The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Pills Regulate the Liver.

## IT WAS A GOOD JOKE.

But the Obdurate Barber Could Not Get a Line on Nick.

As he took his seat in a Brooklyn barber's establishment the fat, jolly looking customer turned to the knight of the shears and said:

"Don't say a pretty good joke on Hans, but keeps the barber shop around the corner. Don't it?"

"Yes, yes, I guess I don't already hear of it," replied the elongated German barber as he stopped a razor before beginning work on his customer.

"You don't have heard dot joke?" said the latter. "It was so funny I laugh myself all over every time I think of it. It was like this: A man came into Hans' place, and Hans shaved him. He says to Hans: 'There was something do matter mit dot razor,' and Hans he say, 'Nix!' Then the man laugh like the devil nearly out of his chair and say, 'Yes; dot it—nick's, ha, ha, ha.' Where dot joke, wasn't it?"

"I don't see where dot joke comes out," replied the barber as he dashed the lather in the customer's left eye.

"You don't see that joke—nick's?" asked the customer impatiently.

"Nix! I see no joke mit nix, and I think you are crazy," replied the barber emphatically.

"Well, if you don't see some joke mit nicks, you was heavy thick head!" answered the customer in an angry tone of voice.

"You was foolish or drunk—maybe snatched," sarcastically replied the barber.

"Maybe I was drunk and maybe not," yelled the customer, "but I find me a barber who wasn't so thick headed he sees no joke mit nicks." And with that parting shot he went out of the shop, slamming the door after him.

"Next!" called out the barber, and as the new victim took his seat in the chair he said, "Dot fellow was goes out was a flam flimner or a crazy lunatics!"—New York Tribune.

## Stevenson's Sustained Power.

Much splendor in treatment, much richness in the elements employed, may be perfectly misapplied in little pieces of work or may make a large one so dazzlingly gorgeous that only a trained eye will perceive discrepancy between its parts. But this discrepancy must exist. The limitations of human power forbid that a cathedral shall be elaborated, chiseled and jeweled all over like a small shrine for the bones of a saint, and if the thing were done the laws of art would forbid its looking well. No one could write a book from end to end as Ruskin has written his most sumptuous passages, and if he could it would weary and distract the reader. But "The Stones of Venice" is homogeneous from end to end. Its beauty is complete because the great artist who wrote it was classically serene and simple in style. And none of the emphatic and violent, the severely sentimental, the elaborately "precious" or the perverted, fustian and luxuriant writers of our day approaches Stevenson in his power to be always at his best. Yet in saying that his work is beautiful I have affirmed, of course, that its simplicity is never monotonous, bald or hard. It is like the work of a Greek sculptor, which would be seriously deformed were it bespangled with East Indian jewels.—Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writings, by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, in Century.

## Develop or Develop.

Whether this word should or should not be spelled with a final "e" seems to be a puzzle of modern orthographers. "Develop" was undoubtedly used at one time—Bulwer and others are quoted as illustrative works—and yet certain modern dictionaries omit it altogether. A good instance of strict impartiality appears in The Saturday Review of Aug. 24, page 227. The chronicler of the week, describing Mr. Chamberlain's first speech as colonial secretary, closes with a seeming question, thus: "If we are not willing to develop countries ourselves, we should hand them over to those who will develop them."—Notes and Queries.

## Encouragement.

Richard—Miss Core says you are no man to follow her up as you do. Harry—Good! That's the best news I've heard in a month. The last time I saw her she said she was in love with no man. I hadn't any idea she meant me.—Boston Transcript.